

The Musical World.

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A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, CONCERT ROOM, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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A TRIP TO PARIS.

CHAPTER II.

To Desmond Ryan, Esq.

MY DEAR RYAN,—I must "make short tale" of the rest of the journey. Were I to supply you with the contents of my common-place book, you would have matter enough to fill a whole number of the *Musical World*. It is astonishing how many objects worthy of notice present themselves to the attention of an observing traveller, even on a road so thoroughly explored as that from Abbeville to Paris. And although most of these objects have, doubtless, been commented upon a thousand times, to me, who am not well versed in modern books of travels, they came perfectly fresh and new. Indeed, had I read of them in print, the impression thence received, would, very likely, have been at utter variance with that subsequently derived from actual contact. Which exemplifies a maxim, that things must be seen to be known: and another, that one direct impression is worth a chapter of description; and a third, that books are but landmarks to point in what direction noticeable objects lie, to judge of which you must go and see with your own eyes. These are cogent arguments against tiring you with superfluous descriptions; and conscious of their force, I shall endeavor to present you with the gist of my notes in the briefest possible shape. Meanwhile I have not forgotten that the approaching Gloucester Festival will occupy your chief attention next week, and that, consequently, there will be little room to spare for a third chapter on Paris. So, if I can get to the French metropolis before the end of this chapter, *tant mieux*; if not I must defer my account of what I saw there until another occasion.

At the conclusion of my last I was at Amiens. Very little of this town is visible from the station. The cathedral is considered fine; but I saw no more of it than the roof, and that at too great a distance to be able to judge of its proportions. The population of Amiens is about 40,000. The terminus is far superior to that at Abbeville. It covers nearly twenty *arpens* of ground, and presents, among other objects of note, a *reserve de locomotives*, equally remarkable for the tasteful disposition of its exterior, and the large number of carriages it is capable of accommodating. About a league from the Amiens station there is a branch line to Lille; and at the point of junction two electric telegraphs are observed. Further on, to the right, the ruins of a *chateau*, dating as far back as the eighth century, merit attention, as a curious relic of the dark ages. Clermont is the next station, beyond which the country is richly wooded; the trees are in such a variety of form and size that they appear like flowers in an enormous garden, to which the eye can perceive no limits. At Clermont were some *sœurs de charité*, on their way to the retreat at Chevreuse, who looked very charming in

their white hoods and black dresses. Two of them were as pretty as hours; their chubby faces and plump forms giving plain evidence that bread-and-water diet was not a necessary condition of their calling. Indeed, they looked as happy as though they had forsworn none of the world's delights, which, very probably, was the real state of the case. There are not many Jesuits to be seen in this part of the country, although there are quite enough of them. In Belgium they appear in swarms, like locusts; but the infidelity of *La belle France* is a sort of fly-poison, of which they are shy—albeit, modesty is by no means a necessity of the Jesuit's mission. At the Clermont station we were joined by a very intelligent and vivacious old gentleman, who, if not Perlet, the celebrated actor, ought to have been—since he resembled him as *deux gouttes d'eau*. From this wraith of the great personifier of Moliere's creations, who was not more intelligent than he was communicative, I learned much that was interesting and curious about the country through which we were travelling; but fear not that I am going to place it at your disposal; on the contrary, I shall keep it for my great book, to appear about the same time with Coleridge's "Body of Philosophy," which Mr. Green, the metaphysician, is embalming, for public inspection.

At Creil, the next station, a town to be noticed for its porcelain manufactories, the character of the scenery begins to change. A little way to the left, opposite the ruin of an ancient *chateau*, the pretty river Oise comes running from the hills, and disappears again, almost as soon as you have had a glimpse of it—leaving as it were the memory of a smile that has fled from lips upon which it but lately played. Soon however it reappears, embedded among stone quarries, and anon casts the light of its eternal youth upon a hoary church—a stately remnant of the monastic period, upon whose rugged face time has writ many wrinkles. The old church looks complacently upon the little river that plays at its feet, bathing its whole shadows in the stream. Here the country is completely changed, and the wood appears in clumps, dispersed at long intervals, and under the brow of stunted cliffs and broken precipices. At the little town of Precy, a *passarelle*—an iron bridge for foot-passengers—appears, and further on, another; both cross the bosom of the Oise, which once more disappears from view, about half-a-mile beyond the site of the second *passarelle*. But anon, some way beyond Boran, a chain of distant hills stretches itself out to the far left, and is lost in the rich woods of the department. Here again we perceive the little river, sparkling under the kisses of the sun, and flowing laughingly on to the foot of the hills—ever and anon turning back from its course, as though to call attention to the fact that it is going to the country of its birth. At the foot of the fine old Chateau de Beaumont Mersan,* near the small town bearing the same name—which

* The residence of an ancient and powerful French family.

guards the entrance of the hilly country, as a sentinel—we again lose sight of the river Oise; and it only reappears, for an instant, at Pontoise, to be caught in the embraces of the Seine, which, kissing and caressing it, hurries it on to annihilation in the ocean—that soul of the watery world, to which all rivers rush, as comets to the star of their destiny.

The sun, by this time, had chased away the clouds, which fled to the extreme horizon and left him alone, as a conqueror. He came to walk in the garden of his delight—the garden upon the face of which the Seine and Oise are as the two lips, whence all the smiles arise that make the meadows laugh and the trees look pleasant. The beauty of the country, thus intensified and developed by the glow of light, was absolutely ravishing. It made the heart leap and the soul rejoice—while the body drank of the sun's beams and was refreshed. And yet poor Shelley, the poet of poets, called France, "*That cold wide France!*" But sunshine is a robe in which all forms look beautiful; and Shelley must have travelled through France in cloudy weather. Perhaps he meant *the people*, not the soil, was cold; but even this point, I would fain discuss with him.

Among other things that caught my attention was the Isle-Adam, on the Oise—a garden, surrounded by a terrace'd wall. Here formerly stood the magnificent *chateau* of the Prince de Conti, father of the Prince Conde, whose property it is; but not a vestige of this edifice remains. Time hurrying to eternity on the wings of the hours, smote it into powder as he passed—and wild flowers have since sprung up and flourished on its site. The adjacent town, which bears the name of the island, is small but picturesque. The neighbourhood is infested with the race called fishermen, who, like spiders, spread their nets, and turn the face of nature into a vast shambles—the more hideous from the loveliness of the country in which they pursue their sport. In India we have serpents and crocodiles, in France and England we have fly-fishers—a distinction with scarcely a difference. Abundance of the tall poplar; boats of Flemish structure, moving sluggishly upon the bosom of the river; rich and fertile plains, skirted with woody banks; distant hills, spotted, here and there, with country-seats; vineyards, orchards and suspension-bridges, are the objects which diversify the scene, for leagues and leagues, through this rich country; specialised in the maps as the "Department of the Seine and Oise."

At Pontoise the wraith of Perlet left us, and though the conversation had never ceased one instant while he was present, scarcely a word was exchanged after he had quitted us, until we arrived at the Paris terminus.

To describe the immense plain which embraces the whole of the immediate environs of Paris, with its endless hills, and towns, and villages, and seats; to descant upon the ancient town of St. Denis, with its dual-towered cathedral, the burial-place of France's ancient kings; and last of all, to enter into any details about the railway terminus, is not my intention—nor is it, I am certain, your desire. Let it then suffice, that on Saturday, September 4th, 1847, a few minutes before 12 o'clock, A. M., I found myself, for the first time in my life, in the great metropolis of the European continent—the emporium of arts and sciences—the heart of the magnificent country of France—the glory and boast of one of the two greatest nations of the earth—the chief-home of our old enemies and now suspicious friends—the ancient, celebrated, and never-enough-to-be extolled city of Paris.

In this wonderful place I have seen and heard too much to be lightly disposed of in a single letter. With your leave, therefore, I shall render you an account of Paris, its theatres,

and its inhabitants—so far as I have been able, in such a short time, to make acquaintance with them—in a *series of letters*, the first of which you may insert, either next week, or the week after—as may suit your convenience. In the meanwhile, I remain as ever, your's,

Paris, September 19.

D.

P.S.—I shall send you the conclusion of Her Majesty's Theatre in time for next week.

THE GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

TO DESMOND RYAN, ESQ.

Gloucester, Friday, Sept. 24th, 1847.

DEAR RYAN,—The journey from Paris to Gloucester involves a distance of between three and four hundred miles. I left Paris on Sunday morning, and (after sleeping on Sunday night at Boulogne) arrived here on Tuesday morning, in the middle of the night—to employ an Irishism—by the mail train from London. You will say that I am a great amateur of festivals to travel such a long way for the sake of assisting at one, and to leave such a city of delights as Paris for an out-of-the-way corner of the world like this very ancient and venerable city of Gloucester—and in such stormy weather especially. But "business before pleasure" is an axiom from which I have so often swerved, that the novelty of sticking to it, for once in a way, amuses me. And I have not been ill repaid for my trouble, since I have listened once more to *Elijah*, the great masterpiece of modern music—and exceedingly well rendered, by the way.

Whether my first letter to you produced an effect upon the French road-side authorities—for be it known to you that the *Musical World* is almost as much read in France as in England—or whether the presence of an inspector in the *diligence* frightened the *cocher* and the horses into increased exertion, or whether they travel faster by day than by night between Paris and Boulogne, I cannot say; but it is not the less true that my journey from Abbeville to Boulogne, in the *diligence*, was as speedy as my journey from Boulogne to Paris was slow. We started from the former place at half-past five, and absolutely arrived at the latter a little after eleven—five hours and a half, instead of nine hours and a quarter! In short, I never travelled faster, except on a railroad. But oh! the next morning—when I saw the

lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion—

far ahead of the Boulogne jetty—when I heard the screaming of the equinoctial gales, and felt the splashing of the autumn rains—my heart quailed within me, and my *physique* sickened at the prospect. But, "to die game," is a motto from which I trust never to depart; and I knew there was no other way of reaching Gloucester, in time for the Festival, than by embarking in the six-o'clock morning boat, which lay before my view, ensconced in the comfortable harbour—as who should say, "I would much rather stay where I am than go out to sea." "Good boat," said I—as I gazed upon it from my chamber window, in the *Hotel de Paris*—"good boat!—I must trust myself to thine experience; take me over to Folkestone safe and sound, and I will not chide thee if I be sick." And oh! how sick I was! But, in despite of the sea malady, two hours and a half found me safe and sound on the shores of "White Albion"—and three hours more brought me to London: whence, in the evening, I started for this place, from which I now write to you, in the eleventh hour—but not too late, I trust, like my second chapter of "A Trip to Paris"—which I

was much disappointed not to see in the *Musical World* last Saturday,

(In parenthesis:—why did you print *cocher* and *diligence* with capital initials?—and why did you let so many mistakes creep into chapter I?)

Well—at Gloucester, arriving in the middle of the night, I was glad to get a bed wherever I could find one; and so it was my fate to pitch upon the dearest inn in the city—The Bell—where, in company with Lord Ellenborough, Sir Edward Codrington, and a Bishop, I have the honour to pay five-shillings a night for an exceedingly small bed-room, where, albeit "The Bell" is the name of the inn, no bell is to be found to ring for the chambermaid, or "boots," in case of need. Never mind—"let that pass"—as the pleasant writer in the *Observer* would say. Since my arrival I have been so occupied with the musical doings here, that I have not been able to find a moment to devote to exploring the city; but as Gloucester, according to the best authorities, is worth exploring, I hope to do that for you before I leave. Meanwhile take the contents of my common-place book, which must serve as a record of each day's proceedings.

Monday morning and evening.—The rehearsal at the Cathedral in the morning; the rehearsal at the Shire Hall in the evening. As I did not get here till Tuesday, I have nothing to remark on this head.

Tuesday morning.—Rain! rain!! rain!!! Such a day for a festival! The Cathedral not half full—gloom issuing from the hearts of the company, and hanging in the atmosphere, like a pall—the orchestra and chorus looking damp and miserable—and Tom Cooke as dull as he is humorous in fine weather. The service was read by a not very impressive speaker, and the echos were uttered by a still less impressive clerk. The congregation, like the clergyman and his assistant, chaunted dolefully out of tune, and capriciously out of measure; while the congregation strove lustily (but vainly) to outdo them in these particulars. The responses were anybody's—that is, nobody's of any consequence; and the "Venite cantamus" ("Come let us sing"), a monotonous section of a phrase, was repeated *ad perpetuam* and without mercy. At length Handel's sublime "Te Deum" (the *Dettingen*) rose from the prevalent dullness, like a giant from a long sleep, and music spoke, as a God, in thunder. I was never more impressed with this majestic composition—one of the capital achievements of the great author of the *Messiah*. The solos were excellently delivered by Miss Dolby, the Misses A. and M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss. The band, conducted by Mr. Amott, and led by Mr. T. Cooke, did its duty zealously; and the chorus, headed by the indefatigable Mr. Surman, and numbering Mr. Bowley, Mr. Green, and other experienced executants in its ranks, was nearly all that could be desired—although, I must own the *soprani* sounded occasionally weak, and the *tenori* made sundry mistakes—and one especially notable, in the verse, "Day by day, we magnify thee"—where a passage for them and the trumpets, of some importance to the general effect, was a complete helter-skelter, impossible to appreciate. These, however, were but spots upon the sun; the general performance being decidedly good. Dr. Boyce's anthem, "Blessed is he," is a preposterously dry and uninteresting effusion; not even the talents of Miss Dolby and Mr. Lockey (who sang their *solis* to perfection), or of Mr. Weiss and Miss M. Williams, or of Mr. Williams (brother of the Misses Williams, and a very promising tenor)—not all the exertions of the band—that is the *quartet-band*, for there is scarcely anything for the wind instruments to do—not all the shouting of the choir, could avail one atom; the anthem

fairly died of its own dullness. The coronation anthem of Attwood, "I was glad," is more noisy and brilliant, but not much better as a composition, and, well as it was interpreted, produced no effect. "I was glad" when it was over. The text of the sermon—one of extravagant duration, preached by the Rev. Dr. Ellerton, D.D., of Magdalen College, Oxford, in a manner so indistinct, that I could catch nothing but the text (which was borrowed from the general Epistle of Jude)—and the overture to *Esther*, by Handel, which I mention last, not because it was played first, but because I forgot to name it before, are all that remain to be noted. The overture, especially the splendid fugued *allegro*, was played by the band with great energy and precision—Mr. Amott, the conductor, marking the *tempi* judiciously and intelligibly.—N. B. The collection at the doors for this charity—which is managed so dexterously that nobody can avoid contributing, a plate being placed under your nose, by some fair lady or gentleman of note, at every passage of egress—amounted, nevertheless, to no greater a sum than £137 sterling of the realm.

Tuesday evening.—The first grand miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall, a building of no note or character, took place this evening. Rain still prevailed, and as pedestrianism was impossible, I, and a comrade of the press—who had been inveigled by a fair outside into the same "Bell" as myself—were supplied with a coach to carry us. The coach was lined with striped dimity, for which the sum of three-shillings was charged in the bill—albeit the distance from the "Bell" to the Shire Hall is scarcely more than the third of a furlong. It is this unhandsome behaviour, on the part of the town, which has long threatened the extermination of the Gloucester Festival. The stewards, who are (not unnaturally) very hard to be persuaded into the responsibilities of stewardship, have to run the whole risk; while the town does nothing but double the price of everything, and so keep many away who would otherwise be induced to come to the Festival. I shall enlarge upon this farther on; meanwhile, take the programme of the first concert, which, though much too long, and in some particulars dull, was on the whole not a bad one:—

PART. I.

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT, Mendelssohn.
Overture, "The Storm and the approaching Spring."
Solo, Mr. Lockey, and Chorus of Druids and People, "Now May again."
Solo, Miss M. Williams, "Know ye not, a deed so daring."
Chorus of Women, "On the ramparts they will slaughter."
Solo, Herr Staudigl and Chorus, "The Man who flies."
Chorus, "Disperse, disperse."
Recit., Herr Staudigl, "Should our Christian foes."
Solo, Herr Staudigl, and Chorus, "Come with torches."
Solo, Herr Staudigl, and Chorus, "Restrained by might."
Solo, Mr. Lockey, and Chorus, "Help, my comrades."
Solo, Herr Staudigl, and full Chorus, "Unclouded now."
Trio, Mr. Lindley, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Howell.—*Corelli*.
Recit. and Romance, Madame Caradori Allan, "Sombre foret," (Guillaume Tell.)—*Rossini*.
Duet, Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams, "Mid waving trees."—*Benedict*.
Historical Romance, "Fayre Rosamonde," A.D. 1164, written by Mr. Albert Smith, arranged by Mr. John Parry—Mr. John Parry.

PART. II.

Overture, "The Naiades," *Sterndale Bennett*.
Canzonette, Madame Caradori Allan, "La sera e il Silfo."
Romance, Mr. Lockey, "The Black Knight."—*T. Cooke*.
Song, Miss Dolby, "Elena, o tu ch'io chiamo."—(La Donna del Lago.)—*Rossini*.
Duet, Made. Caradori Allan and Herr Staudigl, "La ci darem."—*Mozart*.
Air, Miss Williams, "Parto."—*Mozart*.—(Clarinet obligato, Mr. Williams)
Duet, Mrs. Weiss and Mr. Weiss, "See these looks of sadness."—*Donizetti*.
Coro, Madame Caradori Allan, Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, and Miss Dolby, "La Carita."—*Rossini*.
Trinkled and Chorus, Herr Staudigl (Gutenberg)—*Fuchs*.
Song "Matrimony," arranged by John Parry—Mr. John Parry.

You know *The First Walpurgis Night*; there is no necessity for criticising it now. Suffice it that it is one of the most masterly and splendid compositions of the greatest musician of these times. It had already been given previously at Worcester and Hereford, so that now it has run the gauntlet of the three choirs. We have to thank Mr. Done (organist of Worcester Cathedral), the conductor of the evening concerts, for its first introduction. It is creditable to the three Cathedral towns that this great work has been so well received on every occasion—and each successive time more warmly than the time before. It was ably interpreted by the Gloucester folks. The band made itself evident here, and we could not fail to know that its ranks were strengthened by such artists as T. Cooke, Blagrove, Willy (who led the evening concerts at the Hereford Festival, last year), A. Griesbach, Payton (violins), Hill (tenor), T. Harper (trumpet), Card (flute), Baumann (bassoon), Williams (clarinet), Nicholson (oboe), Smithies (trombone), Prospero (ophicleide), Lucas, Lindley, Loder, Hatton, (violincellos), Howell, C. Severn (double-basses), and others too numerous to mention. What a pity that these competent artists should have been fettered by the incapacity of incompetent companions, and that the overture should have suffered in consequence. But so it is with these provincial music-meetings; you cannot persuade them that one good man is worth six indifferents, and that the loss of every incapable player is a gain. The general effect of the performance was, however, very good. The solo parts were excellently rendered by Miss Martha Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Staudigl, and the chorus came out with greater strength and efficiency than at the morning performance in the cathedral. The reception of *The First Walpurgis Night* was such as to confer high credit upon the taste and appreciation of the Gloucester amateurs.

The next point of interest in this evening's programme was Sterndale Bennett's overture to the *Naiads*, a work that should long ere this have become a stock-piece at our great festivals. Better late than never; the time will come when the compositions of Bennett will be eagerly sought after by all musical societies. The present was a step in the right direction, although I believe that it was only adopted at the repeated and urgent suggestions of a gentleman resident in Gloucester, who takes great interest in the Festival, and is noted for his musical enthusiasm. The result must have been as gratifying to him as it was to me, who yield to no one in admiration for Bennett's genius. The *Naiads* was carefully and well performed by the band, listened to by the audience with the utmost attention, and loudly applauded at the end. It is now for Mr. Done of Worcester, and Mr. Towshend Smith of Hereford to imitate the example which Mr. Amott of Gloucester (at the suggestion of another) has set, and introduce one of the overtures of Bennett at the ensuing festivals of the triune choirs.

The rest of the concert may be shortly dismissed; it was of that miscellaneous kind which you know I care very little about, and but as a matter of history I should have taken no note of it. Refer to the programme, and to what you there find add the fact that Miss Dolby, in Alboni's popular air from *La Donna*, vocalised with grace and fluency; that the Misses Williams were deservedly encored in Benedict's very pretty duet, which they sang irreproachably; that Madame Caradori was encored in one of her canzonets (her own composition); that Miss A. Williams succeeded very well in Mozart's difficult air, "Parto," to which Mr. Williams, on the clarinet, lent no slight assistance; that Mr. and Mrs. Weiss rendered full justice to the duet from *Lucia*; that

Mr. Lockey was forcible and effective in T. Cooke's dramatic romance; that the "Carita" of Rossini, ably executed, was encored; that a similar compliment was paid to Staudigl, in the *trink-lied* of Fuchs which he sang with graphic energy; that the trio of Corelli, in the hands of Lindley, Lucas, and Howell, produced the sensation that such a trio in such hands must always produce; and finally, that the immortal John Parry, shaker of sides, was received uproariously, was in uproarious humour, and was uproariously encored in both his ingenious pasticcios. Further than this I have only to say, that Mr. Grantley Berkeley, who abuses his brother, was in the room; that the programme was twice too long, that more than half the company remained for a ball, to accommodate which the benches were cleared away directly after the concert; that I did not stay for the ball, but rode home with my companion of the press, in the coach lined with striped dimity, fare 3s.; and that I slept as sound as could be expected under the circumstances.

As I am presently going up to the top of the tower of the Gloucester Cathedral, I must defer writing you the other particulars of the festival, until next week. Meanwhile be thankful for what you have got, and hope for the sequel in due time, from yours very faithfully.

D.

A Treatise on the "Affinities of Goëthe,"

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Rötischer, Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 601).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

THIS being illumined by the mild fire of thought and feeling, which, on that account, enchains and animates even the most distinct individualities, each according to its peculiarity, and from the most glowing passion in Edward, down to the most soul-full sympathy in the Architect, manifests the whole scale of all the effects, of the most enchanting personality,* cannot, as we have shown, distinguish herself in dazzling conversation and spiritual vivacity. If, then, the depth of this nature was to be revealed to us, the only method left for the poet was to let us watch her in the most secret workshop of her solitary thinking and reflecting, when she is shut up alone with herself, and to gather in and hand to us for our enjoyment the fruits of these lonely hours. Thus for the individuality of Ottilia, the form of a diary offers itself as the most natural method for the revelation of her internal wealth. In these important leaves, this deep nature runs through nearly the whole circle of human conditions, and spreads before us an abundance of the deepest substance of life. In this diary Ottilia speaks peculiarly to herself, is absorbed in her own heart, and takes from it partly thoughts which she has gained by her own experience and reflection, partly in deep, and not unfrequently mystical expressions, she finds her inner self once more, and designates them as something kindred to herself.

Essential as was the diary for the revelation of the innermost thought-life of Ottilia, equally essential was it—as the poet has actually done—to awaken in us before her appearance the right of this soul-full internal nature, by those letters from the governess and the teacher, on which we have already commented. With the character of Ottilia, thus thrust back into itself, with this secret fear at every disclosure of her feelings, only this one issue remained, namely, by the description and apprehension of her whole individuality, to imprint on our souls an image, which should accompany her appearance, and heighten the impression of it. In the

* Here belongs the trait, where the poet who finds himself in the company, and from whom Luciana endeavours especially to win homage, being attracted by Ottilia's personality, on that very evening set to one of her present melodies a charming poem, which was ever more than obliging. Thus it is said of Ottilia: "A gentle poem of attraction gathered all the men around her, though in a great space she might find herself in the first or the last place.—Dr. Rötischer's note."

choice of means for development thus drawn from the innermost nature of the individualities, is shown, more than anywhere, the mental tact of the artist, and the finest sense for the unity of the image and the character.

Above we apprehended in Ottilia the *moment* which first completes her whole personality—the *moment* of immediateness—of natural determinateness—by showing that her whole appearance unceasingly forces upon us the conviction of a thoroughly inartificial, unbiassed being, which has grown up with the whole organization, both in movement, and in all that she does and leaves undone. In this properly consists the mysteriousness of her personality. So internal and soul-like is she, so ethereally does she float along, so magically does she act—nay, awaken an almost supernatural satisfaction at her appearance, while, on the other hand, all is again so thoroughly nature and organization, so removed is the notion of a conduct dependent on the will, that to us the most spiritual life seems, like a beautiful natural plant, only to follow the immutable laws of its own natural vital movement, as it were, only its own organization. This mysterious affinity with nature, the poet, as if to confirm this mystery, has very ingeniously shown to us, in the stratum of coal discovered by her headache,* and in the effects of the pendulum vibrations† in her hand, the latter being not a little heightened by the contrast with the absence of effect in the hand of Charlotte.‡

This same character of being determined by nature, through which the whole being appears to us dependent from a power absolutely determining us, and elevated above all reflection, now expresses itself in Ottilia's love—nay, here first attains its highest summit and most lively expression. According to what has been said, she will not in this move otherwise than a plant, which must lift its cup to the sun, and thus, at the same time, unfold its highest splendour and beauty. Such an internal nature as Ottilia, in whom is revealed the mysterious affinity with the whole macrocosm, first attains its highest distinction by love for a kindred being. In this being the universe first becomes present to her, and her mysterious connection with the whole of nature here appears in its highest purity and intensity. In this being she, therefore, first perfectly comes to herself. Ottilia's love rests on a foundation as mysterious as her whole being; or rather it is the same foundation carried out in that passion to a higher form. Hence the wonderful assimilation of her whole being with that of her beloved, which is brought forward with respect to Edward's characteristics, and in which the mystery of a natural force of feeling, which alike embraces and forms body and soul, is made manifest. By that perfectly involuntary adoption of Edward's style of play, which proceeds as if from the internal necessity of a natural law, and still more in that transformation into the nature of the beloved one, which gradually manifests itself in the hand-writing (the most external expression) this love reveals itself as a mystery upon which the understanding has as little right to pass judgment, as upon the whole personality of Ottilia, which in this position only attains its purest and strongest expression.

But on this account this love has, even in its origin, something so shattering, because, through the conflict at which it is placed, it forces upon us the conviction that the beautiful creature will be destroyed. As the character of the most soulful grace and proportioned beauty is impressed on everything that moves Ottilia, so is it also with her love. Resigned as the lovely creature is to the treasure of her life, this resignation is, nevertheless, far removed from the proper expression of passion, and from that wild violence which

at times seizes Edward. When she is together with him, by his side, a mild fire, diffused over her whole being streams through her—a fire which does not allow a single spark to appear. On the contrary, the soul has so penetrated the whole bodily apparition, that it seems, as it were, to have risen to the surface, and there acts invisibly visible. But even when she is separated from him, there is no violent outbreak of feeling, nothing immediate, but only a deep pain, which presses into the soul, but which acts with the greater force, as it allows us to look into the abyss of suffering.* Even in this state of mind, the grace of Ottilia, which makes pain itself appear beautiful, does not belie itself.

As for her, the universe is absorbed in Edward, so, after his departure, she sees everywhere nothing but symptoms of his speedy return; nothing interested here in anything, but this consideration. Thus for her the world gravitates towards this single thought, this single feeling which accompanies all her activity and occupation. In a word, there is nothing in which her soul does not apprehend a mysterious connection with Edward; even in this faithfully reflecting the above sketched image of a natural plant, which consumes, and must consume light and air, as the elements of its being, and the existence of which must pass away on its separation from these powers.

But, in considering this resignation to Edward, so perfectly elevated above all reflection, a question of deep interest forces itself upon us, namely, that of Ottilia's passion for the very individual whom, in his fundamental characteristics we have recognised as weak, and without firmness. If even the "Affinity" of Ottilia is not able to account to itself for the cause of this most deep affection, although her very being depends on that resignation to the particular individual, which is rooted in her whole organization, so must we look about for a solution of the enigma, why exactly such an individuality has been made an anchorage for the whole happiness of Ottilia's life, in which therefore the last ground of her "Affinity" is to be sought.

Ottilia, in fact, is electrically touched by an individuality, in which she beholds embodied the similar characteristic of an infinite capacity for love, and of unconditioned resignation, in which therefore she becomes objection to herself. This makes the mysterious character of this (and indeed of all poetical) love, that each one instantaneously, as by an internal organ of vision, sees in the other the deepest traits, the most concealed veins of life, and—so to speak—looks to the very bottom of the soul through the material veil. The issue justifies such an intuition as a truth, and is a prophetic art. Thus Ottilia doubles herself at the sight of Edward, since she unceasingly continues herself in him, and sees her life reflected in him, only in another form. What, therefore, she loses in this individuality, or rather what so completely consigns her to this individuality, is the same faculty of losing herself entirely in the object, and of finding in it a world from which to receive life and strength. That in Edward, the masculine mind, this is perverted into a weakness, is quite correct, but it is only a result of our comparison with the destiny of a man, and does not show itself as anything immediate. Hence we saw how in his thoroughly restless appearance the failure of his life exhibited itself, and came forward as a great insuperable contradiction. That which, before the forum of our reflection, constitutes the weakness and impatience of Edward is for Ottilia's immediate view much more the highest energy, a "virtuosity" in love, and a mastery in the resignation of the whole man. Together with this energy of feeling every other quality by which Edward might otherwise gain the sympathy and affections of Ottilia, appears very subordinate. This very fact that he is immovably turned toward one direction, constitutes both his one-sidedness for us, and his strength for Ottilia. Hence we recognise in the individuality of Edward the very happiest mixture of those elements which are fitted to attract Ottilia. If to the view

* Ottilia, as we know, refuses the proposal of the English lady's companion, to turn into the side-path, because when on it she has always been attacked by a very peculiar shudding, which has soon been followed by her head-ache on the left side. The companion then examines the spot, and to his great surprise, finds a very plain trace of coal.—*Dr. Rötcher's note.*

† Being made attentive to Ottilia's affinity with nature by the first experiments, the companion makes her try the vibrations of the pendulum. The effects of the pendulum are described in a very lively manner. "She held the pendulum still more quietly than Charlotte, and still more unconsciously over the metals spread beneath. But at this moment the vibrating weight was caught as by a divided whirl, and turned itself, as the metals below were changed, now this way, now that, now in circles, now in ellipses, or took its course in straight lines,—quite as much as the companion could expect,—nay, above all his expectations."—*Dr. Rötcher's note.*

‡ "Charlotte" it is written "took the thread in her hand, and as she was in earnest held it steadily, and without internal emotion; but not the least vibrations were to be observed." In the clear, sensible Charlotte, such a mysterious connections with nature is properly omitted.—*Dr. Rötcher's note.*

* On the first departure of Edward, it is said: "This was a frightful momenta for Ottilia. She understood it not,—she comprehended it not; but that Edward was torn from her for a considerable time, she could feel. Charlotte felt her situation and left her alone. We do not venture to describe her pain, her tears;—her sufferings were infinite. She only prayed to God that he would help her over this day."—*Dr. Rötcher's note.*

† Thus in the boys, dressed in uniform for the cleaning of the park, she sees "only a sort of parade, which was soon to welcome the returning master." Excited by this, she undertakes something similar with the girls of the village, upon whom, quiet in her unbiassed undergoing manner, she acted more, as if by accident, according to opportunity and inclination.—*Dr. Rötcher's note.*

of this character the reproach his made, that it would rather be attracted by an individuality supplementary to itself, that for the excitement of passion it would require a nature practically strong, and endowed with manly force, we may remark in the first place, that such a law nowhere appears in true poetical forms. We, at least, could not say how Romeo can be called the contrary pole to Juliet, or Hermann the opposite to Dorothea, in the sense, that each one finds in the other as a supplement those qualities and characteristic elements in which she herself is deficient. They certainly complete one another, but in a higher sense, since each requires the other as an exhibition of his own nature for the fullest satisfaction of his own being and vital substance, and therefore really first properly perceives himself in the appearance of the other. But in this already consists the distinction in the identity, since the coyness of the individuality is forced into a perfect absorption into another being, and yet maintains itself as a particular individual.

(To be continued.)

* * To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. LII.

THERE is no rest for me, but if I deem
That I at last have touched the peaceful shore,
The earth to water melts and joins the roar
Of those wild waves whose motions endless seem.
No rest! no rest! Oh, if it be a dream,
This throng of gloomy fancies, and no more,
Is there no sun to drive the fiends before
His radiant face? Is there no morn to beam?
How small the drop of pleasure which is cast
Into that mighty cup of bitterness,
Which destiny has fill'd for me to quaff.
Pleasures, for me, rise slow to vanish fast?
And even torture, when they most caress,—
So that my joy is but a madman's laugh.

N. D.

JENNY LIND! JENNY LIND!! JENNY LIND!!!

We have hardly any extracts this week worth presenting to our readers. The Lindian fever appears to have changed to a plethora, and died of its own intumescence. The provincial tour has not been over favourable to the fame of the "Swedish Nightingale."

No. I.—(From the *Bristol Journal*).—JENNY LIND IN BRISTOL.—Many who read "Jenny Lind in Bristol," will scarcely believe it; yet such is the fact. Mrs. Macready, the enterprising manageress of our theatre, has succeeded in prevailing upon her to sing both here and in Bath on Monday and Tuesday, the 27th and 28th inst. It would be useless to say anything in praise of Jenny Lind to induce our readers to take the opportunity of hearing her; we would, however, observe that we have heard her in *Amina* in *Sonnambula*, and feel that it would be vain to write so as to give an idea of her powers. An additional interest is attached to this engagement of Jenny Lind, as it will be her final appearance in England this season.

No. II.—(From the *Morning Post*).—JENNY LIND is announced to appear at Bristol on the 27th, and at Bath on the 28th, accompanied by F. and Madame Lablache, Madame Solari, and Mr. Balfe, being, it is stated in the local papers, her final performance in England.

No. III.—(From the *Morning Post*).—STATUETTE OF JENNY LIND, BY COUNT D'ORRBY.—The history of Jenny Lind's success teaches us that the day of classic pomp has past. The youthful songstress appealed rather to natural feeling than to conventional dignity, and her triumph has been complete. That triumph has not been confined to a single nation or accomplished in a limited sphere. She has addressed the continent of Europe, and hitherto has heard but one response. The people of many kingdoms have in acclamations recorded their pleasure when listening to her simple and natural translation of what they had previously been taught to admire only in a formal and stilted garb. The unaffected girl, pouring forth the impulse of her nature, has shown us that the mind of Europe is prepared and eager to discard the beautiful and lofty, but at the same time studied and cold assumptions, which have hitherto overlaid the expression of nature in its sincerity. If at the present time party is subsiding, and ranks gradually merging, so also art ought to be aware that the influence of the schools is decaying. To be academic is no longer regarded as a recommendation in a painter, and to be classic,

in the sculptor, is not now viewed as a necessity of his occupation. Did we wish to instance the foregoing remarks, we could refer to the acceptance of the feminine portrait of *Norma* which Jenny Lind presented. With the recollection of Pasta's stateliness and Grisi's energy fresh in the public mind, the more human, and therefore more Christian image of suffering frailty was recognised and hailed as the declaration of purer truth. A better and more appropriate illustration is, however, afforded by the applause which has been accorded to the personation of the wild and romantic character which the present statue represents. The shop-windows and the various exhibitions prove how deep was the impression which was thereby created. Jenny Lind is hardly to be seen, save as she appeared in *La Figlia del Reggimento*; but, numerous as the likenesses of the lady in that character may be, this is certainly the best which we have yet looked upon.

It is well worth while to pause at this paragraph, and consider the writer's ratiocination. "The unaffected girl (!) pours forth the impulse of her nature, by discarding the *lofty* and the *beautiful*,"—argal, the lofty and the beautiful appertain not to the artiste. Verily, this is left-handed support. Oh! save me from my friends!

No. IV.—(From the *Morning Post*).—MODEL OF THE BUST OF MDLLE. JENNY LIND. By Joseph Durham.—With all our liking, we must confess the lady's features are not exactly those we should select to represent the ideal of herself. The nose is heavy, and the eyebrow straight, both tending to give a dull and stolid aspect to the face. On the stage, when kindled by the spirit of the scene, these defects would not be observed, but in a bust they could not be unnoticed. The artist, therefore had much to surmount. Peculiarities always tempt to flattery or lead to caricature, and if neither softened nor exaggerated they look too literal, and therefore do not please. Everybody, beside, has his own idea of Jenny Lind, and though we may not be disposed to assert she is absolutely beautiful, nevertheless, her image is blended with thoughts of prettiness and genius which are calculated to render us fastidious. So, on all sides, the task was beset with dangers, and, we are happy to say, that in our opinion Mr. Durham has fully vanquished them.

No. V.—(From the *Hull Advertiser*, Sept. 17th).—MADLLE. JENNY LIND made her debut in Hull on the evening of Friday last, in the spacious building recently occupied as an amphitheatre, but now under the management of Mr. Egerton. The box-office of the theatre was opened for the accommodation of those desirous of securing places, and on the first day upwards of £800 were taken. Similar arrangements were also made in other places, including York, Leeds, &c., and altogether the amount realised reached pretty near £1,600. Friday evening was very unfavourable for the occasion, there being an incessant fall of rain, notwithstanding the number of persons assembled in Paragon-street was unprecedentedly large. The hour appointed for the commencement of the concert was eight o'clock, and for some time previously the entrances to the amphitheatre were besieged by persons anxious to hear the Swedish Nightingale. The line of carriages, occupied principally by parties of distinction, extended from the Amphitheatre to Whitefriarsgate, and also to the end of Bond-street. The attendance was not equal to expectation, particularly the high-priced parts of the house—the sum charged for admission being more than the people of Hull were either able or disposed to pay. The fair cantatrice was accompanied by Madame Solari, Signors Gardoni and F. Lablache, as vocalists, and the instrumentalists were Messrs. Royal and Seymour. Mr. Balfe was the conductor. Jenny Lind's voice and beauty of execution repeatedly drew forth applause, and at the close of the performance, she was bouquetté by parties occupying box-seats. The concert concluded about half-past ten o'clock, and a rumour soon prevailed to the effect that Jenny Lind was about to take her departure for York, the same evening, by special train. She, however, did not leave Hull until the following afternoon, and in the meantime placards had been circulated in York, announcing that the Swedish Nightingale could not fulfil her engagement on account of indisposition. This gave rise to great dissatisfaction, and Mr. Knowles had to return the money to those who had purchased tickets. The disappointment has induced one of the York papers to attribute the circumstance to the "rude conduct of the populace of Hull;" and at the same time asserts that Jenny Lind, in leaving the Amphitheatre to pass to her carriage, was injured to such an extent as to prevent her fulfilling her engagement at York. We have made enquiry into the matter, and are enabled to give this positive contradiction.

Our extracts are growing hebdomidally "fine by degrees and beautifully less." In a week or two, the nine days wonder—nay, more than nine—will have died a natural death, and the Jenny Lind echoes will slumber for a season—at least in England.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS popular and fashionable place of amusement will open for the season on Saturday next, October the 2nd, with a list of names in its *corps dramatique*, that, in what is called the present dearth of native talent, seems somewhat astonishing for its force and brilliancy. The company has undergone a serious revision, the manager having disposed of several old hands, and having engaged others who had never previously appeared on the boards of the Haymarket. With perhaps the exception of Drury Lane under Macready's management, we do not remember for many years past, such an array of female talent assembled in one theatre:—and yet, upon consideration, we are bound to award the palm to Mr. Webster—for Macready had not the immortal GLOVER. We need only mention the names of Mrs. Charles Kean, (late Miss Ellen Tree,) her first appearance in London these four years; Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Nisbett, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. W. Clifford, Miss Julia Bennett, Miss Fortescue, Miss P. Horton, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Seymour, Miss E. Messent, her first appearance, Mrs. L. S. Buckingham, Mrs. Wigan, her first appearance, Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Caulfield, Miss Carre, Mrs. Coe, Miss Wouds, &c. &c. &c. Among the gentlemen, we may number Mr. Charles Kean, his first appearance in London these four years, Mr. W. Farren, Mr. Webster, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Ranger, his first appearance in London these eight years, Mr. Henry Farren, his first appearance in London, Mr. Creswick, his first appearance at the Haymarket, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Tilbury, Mr. Wigan, his first appearance at this theatre, Mr. Howe, Mr. H. Vandenhoff, his first appearance in London, Mr. J. Bland, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Brindal, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Caulfield, Mr. Braid, Mr. Brindal, jun., his first appearance at this theatre, Mr. Coe, Mr. Ennis, Mr. Santer, Mr. Gough, &c. &c. This is certainly a splendid array of talent. The ladies have decidedly the best of it, both as regards number and ability. We hear much good report of Mr. Henry Farren, a scion, we believe of the Farren, who we understand, will make his first appearance on the opening night in Charles Surface. He will soon after be tested in the more refining ordeal of Benedict in *Much Ado about Nothing*. We hear good talk too of young Brindal, and entertain good hopes of his success. We are much pleased at the engagement of Mrs. Charles Kean, whose appearance on the English boards, after so long an absence, will be greeted with thunders of applause. We trust Yankeeland has not deteriorated her. We are still more delighted with the return of our greatest favorite of all native actresses, the graceful and elegant Helen Faucit. Shall we not see Rosalind again? Rosalind the pouting, the pretty, the witty, and the devoted? Shall we not see the poor heart-beleaguered, deserted, and partly abused Pauline? and "My Lady Tongue,"—no, that must be kept for arch Nisbett, with her budding lips and floating eyes, diamonds set in ebony, or rather jet, who in looks, bearing, vivacity and fire, seems the very incarnation of Beatrice. And racy Constance with her giddy humours, and fancies monkey-quick, and hilarious laugh, loud as the Udaller's in the Pirate, when Norna of the Fitful Head threw all the provender out of the window, and left him supperless. What a trio—Mrs. Charles Kean, Mrs. Nisbett, and Helen Faucit—add Mrs. Glover, what a glorious quartett! Verily, Mr. Webster, you would appear to have drained England of nearly her entire stock of female talent; and if this be not the way to court the public, then is gallantry and talent at a dismal discount. But the manager need have no fear, with such a galaxy he must certainly succeed.

REVIEWS OF MUSIC.

"JENNY LIND'S ALBUM."—JULLIEN & Co.

THE name of the "Swedish Nightingale," and the fact that her portrait in great splendour shines in the frontispiece, or first leaf, will guarantee the popularity of this work. But with this we have not much to do. The intrinsic merit, or demerit of the production itself, alone obliges us to write thereon. This work is splendidly and tastefully got up. The covers are in white and gold illuminated: the illustrations, by Brandard, are a very superior likeness of Jenny Lind, beautifully emblazoned on a blue ground, and coloured in natural tints; with an allegorical image of the firmament displaying "JENNY LIND'S ALBUM" in large letters, surrounded with stars: upon the name a star of the first magnitude is shedding a superabundance of golden rays. There are other illustrations in this volume done in plain lithograph. The first portion of the body of the work will not be the least acceptable to the readers. It is a correct and faithful biographical account of the great *cantatrice* from infancy upwards. The contents of JENNY LIND'S ALBUM are, vocal, the celebrated Swedish Melodies and Operatic Gems, as sung by the artiste at the private *soirées musicales* of Her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, at Her Majesty's Theatre, &c. &c. There are seven of the Swedish melodies, with the original words, with English adaptations of the poetry by G. Linley, J. W. Mould, and Desmond Ryan. The songs from the Operas are, "Convien partir," from *La Figlia del Reggimento*; "Quando lascia la Normandia," from *Roberto il Diavolo*, "Chi nacque al simbondo," and "Ciascun lo dice ciascun lo sa." The instrumental portions are two "Fantaisies Elegantes" upon Swiss Melodies, sung by Jenny Lind, by Herr Kuhe; a "Jenny Lind Waltz," by König; a "Swedish Nightingale Waltz," by Jullien; and "La Figlia del Reggimento Polka," by Jullien. The Jenny Lind Album contains 123 pages of printed music, and is finely printed on thick paper. Altogether this musical volume is one which bids fair to compete with any of its brilliant sisters of the season; and when to this is added the awful attraction of Jenny Lind's name, who can doubt that its dissemination will be universal.

"Away we speed to our Native Shore;" the evening song of the homeward-bound; the words written and adapted to a melody by LABITZKI, by JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER, Esq., arranged by JAMES PERRING.—"Flow on sweet rippling Stream;" ballad, written and adapted to a melody by LABITZKI, the words by JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER, Esq., arranged by JAMES PERRING.—"My lowly Cottage Home;" pastoral ballad, written to a melody by LABITZKI, words by JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER, Esq., arranged by JAMES PERRING.—"Sail on, sail on, my Bark," or the Sea-Pairy's song, written to an air by STRAUSS, by JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER, Esq., arranged by JAMES PERRING.—R. COCKS & Co.

A very pleasing quartet of songs, and well selected for their melodies, which are simple and catching. No. 1, "Away we speed to our native shore," by Labitzki, is spirited and effective; it is written in 3-4, *allegretto marcato*, and will suit a mezzo soprano voice. The theme will be recognized by pianoforte players, who are at all acquainted with the author's compositions.—No. 2, "Flow on sweet rippling stream," is light and pleasing. It is in 3-4, *allegretto a piacere*. The triplet leading to the first bar, and used unsparingly throughout, has a peculiar and striking effect, which gives the melody a national flavor. The words of the above songs are plain and unpretending, and exhibit Mr. Carpenter as a clever tactician in adapting words to music. In the first ballad he has, in two lines, omitted two apostrophe's, which does not improve the sense.—"My lowly cottage home" in point of poetry can boast of little originality, but in point of tune has considerable merit. Labitzki is certainly a melodist, for the term may be applied to waltz writers as well as song writers, and Mr. Carpenter has chosen one of his best subjects in the one before us. Strauss, we fancy, is still more happy as a melodist than Labitzki. His composition, of their *genre*, are incomparable. We have in the "Sail on, sail on, my bark," a very striking tune, playful, exhilarating, and novel. Mr. James Perring had little to do in arranging the waltzes. The arrangements are as simple as possible, and not the less excellent for that.

"Take back thy Gifts;" ballad.—"Come hither with me o'er the Moon-lit Sea;" ballad, poetry by FREDERICK MORTON, Esq.—"We met at Sunset;"

ballad, poetry by FREDERICK MORTON, Esq.—“*My faithful Companion*,” ballad;—“*The Heart’s Misgiving*,” ballad, poetry by FREDERICK MORTON, Esq.—“*The Momentous Question*,” ballad, the poetry suggested from CRABBE’S Poem.—R. COCKS & Co.

THE music of these various ballads is composed by Robert Gaylott, the popular and favorite song-writer. The essays of this gentleman generally tend towards the pathetic, and indeed he appears more felicitous in the plaintive and sentimental than in the light and airy.—“*The Momentous Question*,” and “*The Heart’s Misgiving*,” both exhibit great poetic feeling, are effective and pleasing ballads, and reflect the highest credit on Mr. Gaylott’s muse. The other songs have various merit, but they are all good, each in its kind. We have never received a collection of songs more beautifully printed, or more magnificently illustrated. Mr. Brandard’s frontispieces are really worth framing.

“*Mary, the Village Queen*,” ballad, the words by JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER, Esq.; Music from a Melody by VINCENT WALLACE, arranged by JAMES PERRING.—R. COCKS & Co.

A beautiful melody in 3-4 time; one of those impromptu effusions of Mr. Wallace’s muse, the beauty of which have gained for him half his celebrity. The poetical idea might have supplied more natural words than Mr. Carpenter has furnished.

“*The Polish Maiden’s Song*,” a national melody by GORIA, adapted to English words by JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER, Esq., arranged by JAMES PERRING.—R. COCKS & Co.

THIS is a capital, stirring, patriotic air, with the very best words we have heard from Mr. Carpenter’s pen. It is well arranged by Mr. Perring for a barytone, or contralto voice.

“*Sacred Chorusses*,” composed by HANDEL, containing, No. 1, *Hallelujah from the MESSIAH*; No. 2, “*For unto us a Child is born*”; No. 3, “*Worthy is the Lamb*”; No. 4, “*Fixed in his everlasting Seat*”; No. 5, “*He gave them Hailstones*”; No. 6, “*The Horse and his Rider*,” arranged for three performers on the pianoforte by CHARLES CZERNY.—R. COCKS & Co.

THERE is much ingenuity exhibited by Mr. Czerny in his arrangement. The first and third parts occupy the upper and larger portion of the right and left-hand pages, the second part being divided between the under, or remaining portions of the two pages. We do not think this arrangement could be improved for reading. The arrangements themselves are ably and artfully done, the score being so divided among the executants that hardly any of the Master’s efforts are lost. This is a work of great excellence, and of the greatest utility. We recommend it to all lovers of the mighty composer, who wish to become intimate with the essays of his genius.

LEIGH HUNT.

(From the “*Court Journal*.”)

A VERY delightful meeting, in honour of Leigh Hunt, took place on Wednesday evening. Under ordinary circumstances, we should not feel justified in placing in print a record of a re-union, which, though brought about for the sake of a public character, was, to a certain extent, a private demonstration. But the circumstances under which this meeting came together were not ordinary, and the celebration partook, in many respects, of the nature of a testimonial, in which none who shared would wish their share concealed. We do not feel, therefore, that we are in the slightest degree trespassing over the line which divides private and public life, in recurring to the proceedings of Wednesday evening. Perhaps even these introductory remarks may be considered surplussage.

The Museum Club invited Mr. Leigh Hunt to a dinner at their (temporary) house in Northumberland-street, for the double purpose of evincing the regard which a body, chiefly composed of literary men, must feel for one who has done and suffered so much for literature—and of offering him their congratulation upon the mark of honour recently bestowed upon him by her Majesty. Mr. Leigh Hunt cheerfully accepted the invitation, and the 15th was fixed.

It was, in truth, the one evening in a hundred. Men hastened up from all quarters to be present; and despite the period of the year, not very favourable for a muster, the dining apartment was

filled as full as it could hold. The newly-elected member for Oldham, Mr. W. J. Fox, was unanimously called to the chair, and Mr. Leigh Hunt sat at his right. Among the company were, the Rev. Francis Mahony, (Father Prout,) Messrs Robert Bell, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Taylor, Tomlins, R. H. Horne, T. K. Hervey, Cooper, (R.A.), Laurence, Thornton Hunt, Peter Cunningham, Shirley Brooks, and other gentlemen connected with literature and art, and a large number of members of the Club and their friends.

The dinner went off with the utmost success, and when the cloth was withdrawn, the usual loyal toasts were severally introduced with an eloquence by no means so usual. And then came the toast of the evening. But even if we felt justified in attempting a report of speeches intended only in promotion of the object of that night, we should be conscious of doing such imperfect justice to their merit, that we should still prefer to say, only, that the address of Mr. Fox was one of the ablest, happiest and kindest ever delivered, and that Mr. Leigh Hunt’s reply was that which a Poet only can make, when, inspired by the cordiality of admiration around him, he lets his heart speak through his tongue, as in Mr. Leigh Hunt’s case it has ever spoken through his pen. Nor would we endeavour to record the very brilliant and effective language in which others of the company bore their tribute to the accomplished literary veteran, their guest. It is enough to say that the festivity, prolonged through many hours, presented the strongest contrast we ever witnessed to the commonplace, the trite harangue, the empty pomposity, the tavern-sentimentality of a public dinner, and that it was long past midnight before the party, incredulous that the evening had vanished, began to disperse.

Well has Leigh Hunt earned all the honours which his contemporaries can show him. Fighting steadily and manfully for his principles, he has beaten down violence and lived down slander—but he has done more. Pursuing his honourable and consistent course, he has at last obtained from the British Crown a recognition of the rights of Intellect, an admission that Power sins when she call club-law to her aid against Thought. Imprisoned by the Regent-uncle, Hunt is pensioned by the Queen-niece; and while he loves to enjoy his well-deserved reward (may his receipts be filled for many and many a year), he will be the living evidence that Authority in England has discovered its mistake in supposing that in the long fight, (to borrow the poet’s own phrase,) Captain Sword would have a chance against Captain Pen. For the future, Authority will endeavour to have both on the same side—its own—and for the enlistment of the literary combatant we can undertake, if doing such good deeds as the pensioning the old age of such men as Leigh Hunt be held out as bounty-money.

SHIRLEY BROOKS.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

SIR,—Throughout the season, your criticisms and observations on the performances and arrangements at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, have been pre-eminent for impartiality and truth. Throughout the season, to me, and, I doubt not, to very many of your readers, it has been a source of gratification and pleasure to read articles so evidently penned in a true spirit of justice, as yours have been. You have not scrupled to point out defects, and to lash faults; yet, without rushing into blind partizanship or sycophantic extremes, you have given hearty and unqualified praise, have testified the warmest admiration and approval, when the exertions of true talent and genius demanded your esteem, and when indeed your praise was justly merited. In answer to this it may be said that, after all, you have only done your duty, and therefore do not deserve my warm commendations; yet, when the most scandalous neglect of duty, when the use of the grossest falsehoods, of slander, and of malice, escape censure, surely it is time to give praise and commendation to the performance of a duty, and to the non-neglect of impartiality and candour. It has been said that “Justice is no virtue, but injustice is a great fault.” In these days, however, justice or impartiality is a great and a rare virtue; whilst injustice or partiality is no fault! Were it otherwise, what would be the fate of the critics of the Opera season 1847?

Common sense, however, gains ground daily. Truth has not laboured in vain. The creatures, whose silly prejudices induce them to prefer bad music, because it is played in the Haymarket and in the vicinity of Charing-cross, to good music played in Bow-street and in the vicinity of Long-acre, are a race gradually becoming extinct. They are principally

confined to the few believers (I do not say *readers*, they may be numerous, but the *believers* certainly are few) and devout disciples of that singularly infatuated and misguided individual, the critic of the *Morning Post*, and consist more especially of those *parvenus*, or (as Albert Smith has it), "stuck-up people," who fancy they imitate, whilst they ape and exaggerate the manners of their betters, in assuming a superiority of taste and a nobility of elegance, which compels them to refuse their patronage to one of the finest Opera-houses in the world, because it is situated near a populous and unfashionable district. And after all, perhaps this conduct is only natural; they may naturally feel a disinclination to approach a neighbourhood which may remind them of the dirty grovellers in obscurity they once were, before they had amassed wealth, from rags and tallow.

But I must cease my railing against the infidelities of prejudiced critics, since I do not intend such matters to be the subject of my present letter. My purpose is a happier one—it is as follows:—

I am induced to think that your candour and impartiality, with respect to Covent Garden Theatre, will permit me, through the medium of the columns of the *Musical World*, to offer a few suggestions to the directors of that establishment, which would, I flatter myself, if adopted, materially enhance the success of their undertaking.

In the first place, then, I would suggest that the opera nights at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, should not be altogether on the same nights as at Her Majesty's Theatre; for as it is, the two houses injure each other by being both open on the same night, and so dividing the musical feast, which each might enjoy wholly on alternate nights. I know there is a strong prejudice in favor of Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays for opera nights. This prejudice should be partly contested with, and partly yielded to. That I would have the subscription nights at Covent Garden, Mondays and Saturdays; the extra nights on Wednesdays. Saturday should be ceded to prejudice, because there is a sound argument in favor of so doing. Thus few ball parties, routs, or gaieties of that description are given on Saturdays, and therefore the Opera is the only place of pleasure open to the fashionable world on that evening. By having the other nights on Mondays and Wednesdays, the two houses would be prevented clashing in their entertainments.

In the next place I vote for the *total abolition of the Ballet* at the Royal Italian Opera. This, I am aware, would be a very bold step, but "faint heart never won fair lady;" and I apprehend my reasons are good. The ballet is a tremendous expence to the establishment, and is always a very heavy draw upon the exchequer. It is my decided opinion that, this last season, the ballet did not bring one shilling to the pockets of the management. Another reason is, that their prices being considerably lower, the directors cannot, with profit to themselves, compete with Mr. Lumley in this branch of the entertainment; for presenting, as they have done, operas in such a far more perfect and expensive style than Mr. Lumley has done, they cannot afford to spend so much money on the choreographic department; and, in my opinion, rather than be inferior, they had better not compete. What would be the results of abolition of the ballet? Why, the great draw upon the treasury would be stopped, and the receipts, I venture to say, would not be in the slightest degree decreased. The managers would then be enabled to bring out operas on a still more gorgeous and expensive style than they have hitherto done; or they might, if they so wished, expend the surplus profits in the reduction of their prices. And there is nothing new in all this. At Paris, and other continental cities, no ballet follows the opera; and yet the people do not grumble, or assert that the entertainments are meagre, as some imagine John Bull would do. Again, throughout the last season the directors have experienced a sensation of *embarras de richesse*; they have had more musical talent engaged than they could always employ, and from the rumours afloat as to future movements, I apprehend they will be in this dilemma still more next year than they have been this. There being no ballet, they might fill up the evening's entertainment, on the occasion of there being a short opera, with selections, or an act from some other opera, and by so doing, enable the greater part of their company to sing on the same evening; for of course a different *troupe* would appear in the selections, to those who had supported the first part of the entertainment; or, with an orchestra like the one at Covent Garden, might not some of the great masters' symphonies, favorite overtures, or select movements be performed, in addition to the opera of the evening. These arrangements appear to me feasible enough.

My next suggestions are more for the accommodation of the audience. There should be some light covering, some protection from the wind and weather, over the pit entrance in Bow-street. Great strictness is observed as to the visitors to this part of the house being in full dress, and yet they must stand at the door, when they wish to obtain good seats, bareheaded, and in full dress, without the slightest protection overhead from the rain or other inclemencies of the weather. This decidedly demands improvement.

My last suggestion is for the greater comfort of the less aristocratic portion of the audience. Every man who pays to enter a theatre, is entitled to see what is going on upon the stage, no matter what part of the house he may visit. Now, in the second amphitheatre at Covent Garden, seeing is impossible, hearing not very practicable, and the heat intense; the charge for admission is five shillings, a charge enormous, considering the bad accommodation for the spectators. The same objections apply to the gallery, where the admission is three shillings: beyond the two front rows, the audience can see nothing but the chandelier and the top of the proscenium; and *eighteen* only can sit in a row! Compared with the splendid area of the gallery at Her Majesty's Theatre, the gallery at Covent Garden is ridiculous; yet the price is the same. I do not wish to be severe upon the directors. I know that last season there was every excuse to be made, and the wonder was that the house could be opened at all, altered and rebuilt, as it was, in so incredibly short a time, and not that oversights and mistakes were made. But next season there will not be this excuse; and I am the more anxious to urge these alterations upon the directors, because I hear reports that the management, unwilling to incur the expences of alterations, will leave matters just as they are.

Trusting that my observations may contain, in some slight degree, reason and importance sufficient to warrant the insertion of this letter in the *Musical World*,

I beg to subscribe myself, sir, your constant reader,
September 21st, 1847.

E. D. C.

SIR,—Could you or any of your readers inform me the address of Mr. J. H. Collins, who sang this season at the St. James's Theatre, or tell me where I could forward a letter to him? I should feel much obliged if you could publish this letter in your *Musical World*, as perhaps some of your readers might be able to inform me.

I remain, yours, &c.,

H. L.

[Would any correspondent oblige us with an answer to the foregoing?—Ed. M. W.]

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—HARGREAVES CHORAL SOCIETY.—The last concert of the late season, or, to speak by programme, the sixth concert of the sixth series, was given in the Free Trade Hall on Thursday evening. The principals engaged were Miss Kenneth and Herr Staudigl. The great basso gave Schubert's "Der Wanderer." The great applause produced a repetition of it. The lovely air, "Sweet Galatea's beauty," was breathed by him in a style at once noble and enchanting. His declamation in Haydn's recitative, "Straight opening," &c., from the *Creation*, was grand; and his singing of the air, "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," very fine. "Non piu andrai" was inserted in the programme: we would that Benedict's "Rage thou angry storm," or Weber's "Haste, nor lose the favouring hour," had been substituted. Of course Staudigl sang the aria in good style, but then it must be recollected that an Italian is after all the man for Italian opera. Miss Kenneth has a voice of good quality, but we with all good-will advise her not to let it run wild in what is considered the garden of embellishment. Her voice is flexible and lubricious, but the effect of a roulade is generally considerably enhanced if it be judiciously introduced and reserved for some suitable opportunity. Stevens' glee "Sigh no more, ladies," was sung in very good style by Mesdames Wood and Thomas, Miss Parry, and Messrs. Heelis and Sheldrick. It was encored. The orchestra was complete. Both band and chorus acquitted themselves satisfactorily, nay, we have rarely heard the chorus more effective than on Thursday. The style in which Weber's chorus from "Preciosa," and Beethoven's "Deeply still," &c., were performed is worthy of notice. The concert room was, as far as we could judge, comfortably and conveniently full. We should think that the attendance was as good as any that can be found on the records of the society.—*Manchester Courier*, September 18.

MANCHESTER.—A grand concert took place in the Concert Hall on Tuesday evening. The vocalists were Madame Grisi, Signora Alboni, Signora Corbari, Signors Mario, Tamburini, and Rovere; to this splendid galaxy of vocal talent was added Mr. Lindsay Sloper, the celebrated pianist. Mr. Seymour led and conducted. The concert commenced with Romberg's favourite overture in D, played with spirit. The first vocal piece was the quartett, "Cielo il mio labro," from Rossini's *Bianco e Falero*, and was beautifully sung. The next piece was Ricci's *Barcarolla*, "Sulla poppa," which introduced to a Manchester audience, we believe for the first time, Signor Rovere; he sang it with great humour. He has a very full barytone voice, of great power and compass: we think him a valuable addition to the party. Signora Alboni executed Rossini's Cavatina from *Semiramide*, "In si barbara,"

to perfection, and elicited rapturous applause. She was encored, but instead of repeating it, substituted Donizetti's celebrated song from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Il segreto per esser," which was also loudly applauded. Next in order came Tamburini, whose return to our concert room, after so long an absence, was warmly greeted. He sang Rossini's "Il mio piano è preparato," in his usual splendid, copious, masterly way. Then came the gem of the concert, Madame Grisi's "Casta Diva," from Bellini's *Norma*, in which this admirable vocalist proved that, as yet, her energies are as fresh as ever; indeed for many years she has never sung better than she has the whole of this season; the song was encored amid tumultuous shouts of applause, when she repeated the movement, "Ah bello a me ritorno." Mario then enchanted the audience by singing Beethoven's *Adelaida*, admirably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Lindsay Sloper. We never heard him in better voice. It was encored, when he sang the serenade from Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, "Come gentil," which was loudly applauded. Mr. Lindsay Sloper played a pianoforte solo, accompanied by the orchestra, in which was introduced the favourite air, "The British Grenadier's March," it being the slow and fast movement of Moscheles' fourth concerto; it was played in exceeding fine style. He has a delicate touch, and brings an agreeable tone from the instrument. We will not part from this gentleman without complimenting him on his judicious manner of accompanying the vocal pieces intrusted to his care. The first act closed with the quintet, "Crudele sospetto," from Rossini's *La donna del Lago*, which was charmingly sung by Grisi, Alboni, Corbari, Mario, and Tamburini.—The second part commenced with the Terzetto, "Ambo movete," from Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, sung by Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini. Next came Corbari, whose modest deportment did as much to please the audience as her chaste and pleasing style of singing. She gave a sample of her good taste in the choice of her song—Mozart's "Voi che sapete," which was encored. Grisi and Alboni sang the duet from Rossini's *Semiramide*, "Ebben a te ferisci," which was rapturously and deservedly applauded. Mario sang the song from Donizetti's opera, *La Favorite*; he sang it with great pathos, and was encored. Grisi then sang "Oh, matutini albori," from *La donna del Lago*, with a simplicity and clearness equal to her most palmy days of glory. The Buffo Duo, from Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio*, was sung by Tamburini and Rovère with great humour, and by its vivacity enlivened a concert conspicuous for interest in every part, and as far as the principals were concerned almost faultless. Indeed in speaking of such the critic loses his vocation, for he can only praise. The only song we have now to mention is Alboni's Tyrolienne, "In questo semplice modesto asilo," which has all the national quaintness of the Tyrol music; it was charmingly sung, and encored. The vocal part of the concert closed with Rossini's Sestetto (*Il Carnovale*), and the audience, we may say, were played out to the music of Herold's overture, "Pre aux clercs." In conclusion we may add, that it proved one of the best we have had in this hall for many years; and that the subscribers fully anticipated its being so was evident from the crowded and brilliant audience who assembled for the gratification of hearing such an array of musical talent as is very seldom afforded at any single concert. As an illustration of the lively interest it excited, we may mention that two guineas were repeatedly offered by parties who wanted tickets; and before the commencement of the concert the saloon was occupied by many ladies and gentlemen (several of whom had come long distances), who had come in the forlorn expectation of obtaining the means of *entrèe* at the last moment.—*Manchester Courier*, Sept. 21.

LIVERPOOL.—The Philharmonic Society has this week given the two most brilliant concerts ever heard in Liverpool. We do not hesitate to say that, not even at a festival, have we ever had a greater array of vocal talent than the combination presented. The overture to "Anacreon" and the "Nozze di Figaro" were on Monday excellently performed by the orchestra, under Messrs. Herrmann and H. F. Aldridge. The vocal pieces commenced with the terzetto from "Anna Bolena," "Ambo movete," by Grisi, Mario, and Tamburini. Tamburini's splendid organ may, perhaps, have deteriorated in quality slightly, but his style and facility of execution are admirable as ever. Signor Rovère is an excellent buffo; his "Madamina!" we have not heard surpassed. Mademoiselle Alboni showed her truly astonishing powers in Rossini's "Una voce." In addition to the most charming contralto voice we ever heard, she has the compass and flexibility of a soprano, and an almost unequalled finish and chasteness in her cadenzas. She was loudly encored; but instead of repeating the cavatina, to the great delight of the audience, substituted the drinking song "Il Segreto" from "Lucrezia." In the cavatina from "I Puritani," the corni made an unfortunate mistake. The quartette, "A te, o cara," was encored with rapture, and its substitute, "Comé gentil," was greeted with a hearty burst of applause. In both, Mario proved himself the great tenor of the day. Madlle Corbari's "Voi che sapete" was a delicious piece of vocalisation, and was deservedly encored; as was Mario in the aria, "Spirto gentil," which, by the way,

he gave in the original French. The comic duetto between Tamburini and Rovère was a great treat. Messrs. Lindsay Sloper, and Lavenu, (the composer of "Loretta,") accompanied the vocal pieces substituted on the occasion of encores. The audience was the most numerous and brilliant we have ever seen, the whole of the body and reserved gallery being filled; and we understand the committee were compelled to refuse numerous applications for extra tickets. The concert of Wednesday was one open to the public. The receipts for this performance must have been considerably upwards of nine hundred pounds. The overture, "Egmont," was exceedingly well played, and warmly applauded. The opening trio, "L'usuto ardi," is too frequently performed at these concerts. In the duetto, "Sei già sposa," Mario and Grisi appeared to the greatest advantage, and were warmly encored. Mademoiselle Corbari substituted Donizetti's "O Luce," from "Linda di Chamouni," for the rondo "Non fu sogno," which was announced. Mr. Lindsay Sloper executed Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor, omitted on Monday, in consequence of the non-arrival of the orchestral accompaniments. Mr. Sloper is a most admirable pianist; his touch is light, firm, and equal, and his style smooth and vigorous. In the charming cavatina from "Betty," "In questo semplice," Alboni drew down torrents of applause, and after a most enthusiastic encore was again called before the audience to acknowledge their continued plaudits. The quintette which closed the first act brought into requisition the admirable orchestra. The second act commenced with Spontini's overture to "Fernand Cortez." The orchestra made as much of it as they possibly could. Madame Grisi was encored in the cavatina, "Oh Matutini," and in lieu of it a second time, gave the "Casta diva" from "Norma," as she alone can render it, and was again called upon to receive the thanks of the audience. Tamburini executed the aria, "Vieni la mia vendetta," with the spirit of a perfect artist, and on being encored, showed the versatility of his talent by substituting Rossini's "Largo al factotum," the accompaniment to which, by the way, taxed Mr. Sloper to the utmost. "Il mio tesoro," by Mario, was an excellent performance, which the great vocalist surpassed in Beethoven's "Adelaida"; this he gave on being encored. Of the two comic duets by Alboni and Rovère, and Grisi and Tamburini, it would be difficult to say which was best. Signor Rovère's "Baron's song," from "Cenerentola," was admirable. The *morceau d'ensemble*, "Il Carnivale," was the weakest performance of the evening.—*Liverpool Mail*, Sept. 18.

LIND.—The committee of management afforded the public generally a great musical treat on Wednesday evening, when the same vocalists who appeared at the Philharmonic Concert on Monday were engaged. It is gratifying to know that this spirited enterprise on the part of the committee has been most satisfactorily responded to. The programme contained some of the gems from the operas which have been played during the season, by the Italian Opera Company, at Covent Garden. Signor Tamburini appeared to much greater advantage than on Monday. He was in excellent voice, and sang with exquisite taste. In power of voice he is surpassed by other barytones, but in purity of tone, finish, and expression, he is unsurpassed by any. He was highly successful in "Vieni la mia vendetta," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which he was encored, when he gave *Largo al Factotum* with exquisite humour, and was enthusiastically applauded. He also sang with effect the bass part in the duo, from *I Marinari*. The flexibility of his voice and his mode of blending it was generally admired. He possesses the same facility and taste in the selection of his ornaments as "in other days." One great charm appertaining to them is they are never introduced unless the melody will admit of them. Signor Mario sang as he did on Monday—most splendidly. His rich, full, and sweet tenor voice has won all hearts. He is indeed, unequalled. His solo on this evening was, "Il mio tesoro," from *Don Giovanni*. The manner in which he rendered this sweet aria of Mozart will be locked in the memory of those who have heard it. He infused a tenderness of feeling which it is impossible to describe. It was enthusiastically encored, when he substituted Beethoven's "Adelaida," a still more delicious effort of vocalisation. Signor Rovère sang, "Miei rampolli," the favorite buffo song in *Cenerentola*, extremely well. Grisi sang her favourite cavatina from *La Donna del Lago*, "Oh matutini albori!" in which she was very successful. On its encore she gave "Casta Diva," from *Norma*. It is generally conceded that in this song she is superior to any vocalist of the day. She sang it on the present occasion with great power; but to hear her sing it to advantage, she should be seen in the opera, as the effect is so enhanced by the acting. One of her most successful efforts during the evening was her duet with Tamburini, commencing, "Oh guardate che figura!" by Guglielmo. The imitation passages created shouts of laughter, and both vocalists earned deserved applause. Alboni was highly effective in Donizetti's "In questo semplice." Her rendering of one passage produced an electrical effect. She has gained "golden opinions" already, and is unequalled in her particular range of characters. Corbari sang the rondo from Verdi's *I Lombardi* very nicely. Mr. Lindsay Sloper performed a

solo on the pianoforte in B minor, composed by Dr. Mendelssohn. He possesses much power over the instrument, and has a very neat style, and evinces a good deal of taste. As an accompanist he appeared most favorably. The concert-room displayed the same brilliant appearance as it presented on Monday, being graced by the beauty and fashion of the town.—*Liverpool Courier*, Sept. 22nd.

SHREWSBURY CHORAL SOCIETY.—On Thursday evening, Sept. 16, the first concert for the season took place in the Music Hall, which, excepting the Birmingham Town Hall, is the noblest temple raised in honor of Apollo, exclusive of the metropolis, which rejoiceth in the vast sombreness of Exeter Hall, but has not the cheerful and comfortable look of our own "house at home." The committee, finding that the talents of the unrivalled "Grisi and Co." could not be secured, owing to other engagements, and that the high terms demanded by the "mild as the moon-beams" Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, prevented any attempt at a negotiation, lost no time in securing the services of a new star, in her orbit equally attractive as her compeers—Mlle. Alboni. Madame Corbari, Signor Rovere, the principal buffo basso at the Royal Italian Opera, and Mr. Lindsay Sloper accompanied the party. The hall was comfortably filled. The appearance of the room was magnificent from the orchestra, and elicited the enthusiastic approval of the stars, who pronounced it to be "*magnifique*!" For the gratification of our gentle readers, we will tell them how the ladies looked and dressed. Alboni's symmetrical person was clothed in a rich black satin dress, trimmed with silk velvet, with several valuable jewels down the stomach; she also wore valuable bracelets: but her head was unadorned, excepting that dame Nature had decorated it with a fine cluster of short dark-brown curls, after the manner described as a "French crop," and much in the style of the Apollo Belvidere, which must become her expressive face.—Madame Corbari was elegantly arrayed in a pink dress of alternate stripes of silk and satin, ornamented with lace, and some splendid pink flowers interspread among her ringlets.—Signor Rovere's style of person and dress had as much of the London professional style, or more, than of his Continental brethren.—Mr. L. Sloper was a genteelly-dressed Englishman: and Signor Regondi, with his placid smile and unassuming demeanour, looked and pleased as he always must do. The performance commenced with Handel's Coronation Anthem, followed by the exquisite trio from Semeramide *L'usuto ardir*, which was delightfully rendered by Madlle. Alboni, Corbari, and Signor Rovere. Madlle. Alboni possesses an organ of immense compass and uncommon beauty, which combined with highly finished vocalisation renders her a most exquisite singer. Her *Una voce* was rapturously encored, when she substituted the well-known *Il segreto*, from *Lucrezia Borgia*: a similar compliment was paid to her at the conclusion of Donizetti's Tyrolienne, *In questo semplice*, which was repeated. Madame Corbari was deservedly encored at the conclusion of Mozart's *Voi che sapete*, which she interpreted very cleverly; this young lady possesses every requisite quality to constitute a good singer; her voice is fresh and of good quality, and she performed the portion of the music allotted to her with great taste and feeling. Signor Rovere was very successful in *Miei rampolli*. Signor Regondi performed two solos on the concertina, and upon the guitar. Mr. Lindsay Sloper executed two solos on the pianoforte, which were immensely applauded; and Mr. John Hiles performed a solo on the organ with his accustomed skill and neat execution. The concert concluded with Martini's laughing trio, *Vadasi via di qua*, which finished a most delightful evening's amusement.—*Shropshire Conservative*.

DUMFRIES.—MR. TEMPLETON'S VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT.—This deservedly celebrated vocalist gave a concert in the Polytechnic Hall, Athenaeum, here, on Monday evening last. The entertainment consisted of selections from the compositions of the best native masters, English, Irish, and Scotch. We were glad to see the large Hall crowded in every part; as we look upon this patronage of native talent in the light of an assurance that the legitimate national taste for music is not swallowed up altogether in the extravagance with which foreign science would invest it. To enumerate all the beauties of Mr. Templeton's entertainment, would be to copy the programme. We should be inclined, however, to give the preference on this occasion to the songs—"Tell her I love her," and "Sally in our Alley,"—the latter was loudly encored. In the second part, the song—"They may rail at this life," was given in splendid tone, with all the adjuncts of polished Irish manner and pronunciation. It was also loudly called for and repeated. The feeling engendered by "The meeting of the waters," was intense, and will ever attach itself even to the name of this most beautiful of all Irish melodies. The broad humour of "The brisk young lad,"—the bold independence of "A man's a man for a' that," and the reckless jollity of "The jolly beggar," each found in Mr. Templeton an excellent representative. The applause of the auditory was unbounded at the conclusion of "Old Towler." This inimitable hunting song was encored. "The good old English gentleman" was admirably vocalised. The crowning vocal triumph was "All is lost now," and its accompanying aria, "Still so gently o'er me stealing."

This has so often been praised that we can only throw our mite of tacit accordance into the scale of public opinion. Templeton has made them peculiarly his own. The lovers of the Comic Muse had a rich treat in hearing Mr. Blewett sing some of his favorites. As a pianist his ability is of the first class.—*Dumfries Journal*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

PARIS.—Donizetti, somewhat renovated in health, left Paris on the 23rd. He departed for Bergamo in company with his brother, nephew, and medical adviser.—Miss Birch is rehearsing daily her role of *Mathilde*, for her *débüt*, under the superintendence of Duprez. She will appear in the first or second week of October.—Mademoiselle Masson's *débüt* at the Opera has created a great sensation in all the Parisian musical circles. Her voice is described as a *mezzo soprano* of exquisite quality, pure, full, and melodious, while her style and method are represented as irreproachable. She has been a great hit for the Royal Academy.

VENICE.—It is not authenticated that Meyerbeer intends to purchase a palace, and fix his residence here. The illustrious composer merely proposes to conduct his wife to pass the winter in the City of the waters, so celebrated for its hybernal salubrity.

BERLIN.—Ronconi and his *cara sposa* have appeared at the Italian Opera, and met with tremendous success in *Maria di Rohan*. Ronconi created a *furor*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. JULLIEN has engaged Madlle. Nau of the *Academie Royale* at Paris, for Drury Lane. He has also entered into a negotiation with Miss Susan Hobbs, who has great provincial celebrity, and will become one of the new Academy Sopranis. Mr. Jullien's first female singers, already consist of Madlle. Nan, Miss Birch, Miss Susan Hobbs, and Miss Messent.

MR. DISTIN and his sons gave performances lately in Jersey with the greatest success, on the Sax Horns. Miss M. O'Connor sang several ballads with great applause, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Willy, jun., who performed some brilliant fantasias.

MADAME DULCKEN has been giving pianoforte *matinées*, lately at Hastings, Dover, Reading, &c. &c., with great success. Mr. John Parry accompanies the fair artiste, and almost divides the applause with her.

BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The following is the committee of the "Society of British Musicians," for the present year, Messrs. Calkin, Clinton, Gattie, Graves, Walter C. Macfarren, Nicholson, C. Stephens, Thirlwall, and H. Westrop. Treasurer, James Erat Esqr., Secretary, Mr. Baker. The Society will have another public trial at the Hanover-square Rooms, and will shortly commence their chamber concerts in Berners Street.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND, ENGLAND, AND IRELAND.—Mr. H. Phillips, and Mr. Land, who is no longer connected with Mr. Wilson, have proposed to give jointly a series of musical evenings, on the "Songs of England, Scotland and Ireland." Their first essay will take place at Croydon, on Monday evening, the 27th instant, when among other attractions, Mr. Phillips will sing Calcott's "Last Man;" and Mr. Land will perform a pianoforte "Fantasia" of his own composing. Mr. Phillips is certainly one of our very first English vocalists, and Mr. Land by his proficiency as an accompanist, while associated with Mr. Wilson, has won himself a considerable reputation. As a vocalist he will be

found not less eminent. In delineation of Scottish song Mr. Land is capital—and his early Cathedral training renders him equally at home in the higher walks of his art. This union will prove the means of diffusing music of a high character throughout all "England, Ireland, and Scotland."

MR. JULLIEN has left Milan for Bergamo, and heard the celebrated Miss Caterina Hayes, who it would appear, has not at all come up to his expectations. He has engaged for Drury Lane a dancer of immense reputation, whose name is Carey.

MR. CHARLES TAYLOR.—The death of this old and popular vocalist, took place at Greenhithe, on Thursday the 16th, aged 70. Mr. Taylor made his *debut* at the Haymarket, in 1803, as Lubin, in Dibdin's *Quaker*; and he was engaged the following season by Mr. Harris, at Covent Garden, where he remained for many years. Besides singing comic songs at public dinners, Mr. Taylor, took a part in glees, &c. He was a member of the Catch, Glee, and Melodists' Club, and was much respected by a numerous circle of friends.

BRITISH MUSICIANS.—A trial of new works by members and associates, was held on the morning of Friday, the 17th instant, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The members who submitted their compositions, and the compositions submitted, ran as follows in the programme:—Overture in C, "A dream of the Abbey," J. J. Haite;—Song, "The future hath hope," (sung by Miss A. Hill,) A. Mitchell;—Morceau de Concert, pianoforte solo, (played by Mr. W. C. Macfarren,) W. C. Macfarren;—Glee, five voices, "The Eolian Harp," John Hopkinson;—Overture in C, H. T. Leftwich;—Aria, (sung by Miss A. Hill,) W. S. Rockstro;—Solo, violin, (Mr. Thirlwall,) A. Mitchell;—Overture in D minor, James Coward;—Arioso, (sung by Miss Duval,) W. S. Rockstro;—Concerto, harp, (Mr. J. Thomas,) J. Thomas;—Duett, (Miss A. Hill, and Miss Duval,) W. S. Rockstro;—Symphony in D, H. C. Banister. This selection was far above the average of excellence in the trial of new compositions by the society. The symphony in D, the work of most pretension, coming last and being indifferently heard in consequence of the noise made by the departing visitors, did not leave sufficient impression on our minds to decide on its merits. It appears to us to be written with exceeding care, and occasionally to display great musicianly skill and knowledge. The three overtures are compositions that must be commended. We hardly know which to pronounce as best. Mr. Haite's, perhaps, is the most classical, and Mr. Coward's the most dramatic. Mr. Macfarren's *Morceau de Concert*, is beautifully written, and is perhaps though small, the most finished production from his pen. The musical feeling it exhibits is considerable; and the construction of the piece with its harmonic treatment, variety of phrase and artistic handling, show that the composer has studied in the best school. Mr. Rockstro's two songs are capital specimens of the best kind of chamber ballads. They are evidently indited with the ambitious design of imitating Mozart, and on that very account, as we perceive no servile plagiarism, we pronounce them entirely deserving of praise. We have hopes of good fruit yet from Mr. Rockstro's pen. Mr. Hopkinson's Glee, "The Eolian Harp," has much merit, it is exceedingly well voiced, and was sung almost to perfection, by the Misses Williams, Miss Cubitt, Mr. T. Williams, and Mr. Thirlwall. Mr. Thirlwall's tone on the violin is pure and forcible: his execution is neat and brilliant. Mr. Thomas, in his performance of his own concerto on the harp, won numerous admirers, and exhibited his double talents

to great advantage. He is already one of the neatest harpists of the day, and as a composer is full of promise. On the whole, we are much pleased with the new offerings of the members, and congratulate the society of British Musicians on its progress on late years, both in composition and instrumental performances.

THICK AND THIN SINGERS.—(From the *Shrewsbury Conservative*)—One would think, from the specimens we lately have had in Shrewsbury, that vocal exertions have very brittle tendency to destroy the groser portion of the fair warblers; but, on the contrary, that music and good humour tend rather to enlarge the body as well as the soul. For instance, Madlle. Alboni; although young, is decidedly *en bon point* in figure, with a fine bust, a noble Grecian head, and expressive face, particularly *en profile*. The same result occurs with Grisi, and her predecessor, Pasta; and on a lower scale, Madame F. Lablache, Miss Julia Smith, Miss Whitnall, are as remarkable for thin stature as their talents. On the contra side, gems in miniature, Persiani, and, though rather above the middle height, the new ephemeris, the brain-maddening Jenny Lind—whose lofty flight, we prophesy, as far as England is concerned, will never reach that height again.

LOLA MONTES.—The *Constitutionnel* has the following letter from Munich, of the 10th inst.:—"The journals of to-day have published a circumstance which has caused great astonishment. The reigning Queen has just conferred on the Countess de Landsfeld (Lola Montes) the insignia of the order of Maria Theresa, a high distinction, to which is attached the privilege of appearing constantly and when she pleases at Court. According to these journals, and as a consequence of this favour conferred, the Countess de Landsfeld will be presented at Court on the return of their Majesties to Munich."

MR. BETTS, of the the Royal Exchange Arcade, the well known violin maker, and father of the popular vocalist, Miss Betts, expired this week.

A HINT TO MANAGERS.—In announcing the death of M. Brulo, long manager of the theatre at Montpellier, who had attained his 82nd year, the *Languedocien* relates the following anecdote of him:—"An extraordinary representation was advertised for the theatre at Pézénas, comprising the operas of the *Faux Lord* and the *Devin de Village*, with the ballets of *Serment d'aimer* and *Les Meuniers*. At the rising of the curtain scarcely a spectator was present. "Oh!" cried M. Brulo, "they won't come. But we shall soon have an audience. Open wide the doors, and send round the bellman to announce that the entrance for this evening is free." This order was immediately executed, and in a very short time the house was filled to overflowing. Stimulated by M. Brulo, the performers put forth all their powers, and produced a prodigious effect. His audience went away full of delight, and so great was the effect produced, that the next night M. Brulo had the house crowded to excess before the rising of the curtain, places of course being paid for as usual, so that the receipts of the second night amply repaid him for his apparent liberality of the night before.

A WONDERFUL SINGER.—One of the French musical journals announces the astonishing fact, that Madame Castellan of Her Majesty's Theatre, London, will play successively *Lucia*, the *Nozze di Figaro*, *Gazza Ladra*, *Sonnambula*, *Don Juan*, and *Nabuco*. Wonderful Madame Castellan!!!

WEBER'S HOUSE.—The traveller who visits the Swiss Cantons, cannot fail to be attracted by the house where

Weber lived, in the village of Hosterwitz, near Pillnitz. It was here the great composer wrote the *Freischütz*, *Preciosa*, *Euryante*, and other works.

THE SURREY THEATRE will open on Monday next, under Mr. Bunn's management, with *The Bohemian Girl* and *My Neighbour's Wife*.

SHELLEY AND MRS. HEMANS.—I showed Shelley some poems to which I had subscribed by Felicia Browne whom I had met in North Wales, where she had been on a visit at the house of a connexion of mine. She was then sixteen, and it was impossible not to be struck with the beauty, (for beautiful she was,) the grace, and charming simplicity and *naïveté* of this interesting girl—and on my return from Denbighshire, I made her and her works the frequent conversation with Shelley. Her juvenile productions, remarkable certainly for her age—and some of those which the volume contained were written when she was a mere child—made a powerful impression on Shelley, ever enthusiastic in his admiration of talent; and with a prophetic spirit he foresaw the coming greatness of that genius, which, under the nam of Hemans, afterwards electrified the world. He desired to become acquainted with the young authoress, and using my name, wrote to her, as he was in the habit of doing to all those who in any way excited his sympathies. This letter produced an answer, and a correspondence of some length passed between them, which of course I never saw, but it is to be supposed that it turned on other subjects besides poetry: I mean, that it was sceptical. It has been said by her biographer, that the poetess was at one period of her life, as is the case frequently with deep thinkers on religion, inclined to doubt; and it is not impossible that such owed its origin to this interchange of thought. One may indeed suppose this to have been the case, from the circumstance of her mother writing to my father, and begging him to use his influence with Shelley, to cease from any further communication with her daughter,—in fact prohibiting their further correspondence. Mrs. Hemans seems, however, to have been a great admirer of his poetry. and to have in some measure modelled her style after his, particularly in her last and most finished effusions, in which we occasionally find a line or two of Shelley's, proving that she was an attentive reader of his works. "Poets," as Shelley says, "the best of them are a very chameleonic race, and take the colour not only of what they feed on, but of the very leaves over which they pass."—*Capt. Medwin's Life of Shelley*.

JENNY LIND'S GENEALOGY.—(*From Punch*).—The various places through which Jenny Lind has been passing, have been trying to claim her as a descendant from some of their families; and she has been pronounced to be of Scotch extraction by the Caledonians, who are famous for their extraction of everything from which an extract can possibly be made. We have tried the puzzle in every way, and stated the case to ourselves by saying "As one prima donna is to the city of Edinburgh, so is Jenny Lind;" but, work it as we may, we have been unable to arrive at any satisfactory result. Upon looking at the question impartially, we think Lynn, in Norfolk, is the town that may, with the greatest show of reason, claim Jenny Lind as its own; and the invitation of the Bishop of Norwich to the nightingale corroborates this view of the affair.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"JOSEPH V..."—We beg to inform our correspondent, that we have not received the three violin solos mentioned. We shall be glad to notice them when sent.

N. L.—Mr. Carte's address is 23, Newman-street, Oxford-st.

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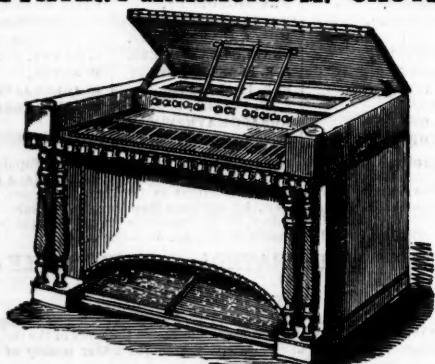
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